

by Russ Wetmore

For Star Systems Software, Inc.

"LOOK BUDDY,
ANOTHER COMPUTER
GAME FOR US!"

PREPPIE! II

THE CONTINUING SAGA
OF WODSWORTH OVERCASH



PREPPIE! II

For the Atari 400/800

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A Game of High Adventure and Unrelenting Action

by Russ Wetmore for Star Systems Software, Inc.

Up-and-coming prepster Wadsworth Overcash had the world by the tail until a failed Freshman initiation banished him to the tender mercies of the cruel Groundskeeper. Forced to recover wayward golf balls on a course of hellish design, Wadsworth barely escaped with his Lacoste intact. Now, the saga of Wadsworth Overcash continues as he faces his greatest challenge yet in — PREPPIE! II!

CHAPTER ONE — AFTERMATH

It was the first Tuesday of the third month of his stay at Hans Jopkins Medical Center & Transmission Exchange when Wadsworth Overcash's thoughts returned to prospect of reentering academic life.

In the aftermath of the terrible events that the world had come to know as the Nasty Nine, both Wadsworth and the grisly Groundskeeper had seemingly vanished from the face of the planet. Of course, this was not the case. For the record, the former had spent three quiet months in seclusion recuperating from the injuries inflicted by the latter. As for the Groundskeeper, he had quietly skipped town, leaving behind only a FOR SALE sign planted aside the Nasty Nine clubhouse and several unanswered questions.

It had certainly not been a fun summer. Drummed out of Cape Cod University, shunned by his peers, disowned by his family for his inability to execute his duties on the Nasty Nine, Wadsworth was almost thankful for the lengthy convalescence required to heal the wounds inflicted by the mad science of the prepster-hating Groundskeeper. But the scent of autumn was on the wind, offering promises of change, promises of renewal of the spirit and the body.

Ah, yes. The body. In essence, Wadsworth's appearance was that of an electric mummy. Save for a couple of eye openings, a slit for a mouth, and the necessary entrances for various tubes and catheters, Wadsworth Overcash was a rigid Pillsbury doughboy housed in an oxygen tent, double-checked with an oxygen mask and plugged into a blipping ECG. True, the cpica body cast would come off in less than a week and he'd be good as new, but for the nonce, the experience was considerably less than pleasant. It was a terrible thing to have itches you couldn't scratch.

No matter. The important thing was that the Groundskeeper and the Nasty Nine were many miles away from Wadsworth's present location deep within the woodsy wilds of Vermont. This much he knew: He would not lay eyes on the smug countenance of the portly Groundskeeper again. It was time to shed the fears and mistakes of the past and to strive for academic and social resurrection. But where was there an Ivy League school to be found in this Boston-forsaken wilderness?

Suddenly, his thoughts were clipped by an explosive THUD! and the sounds of splintering wood. A staff nurse, firm of jaw and great of girth, had kicked the door open to his private room with such force that the door separated from its hinges and crashed into a push cart containing Wadsworth's untouched breakfast tray. In a great culinary shower, the tray's contents rained onto both oxygen tent and patient. 'Youse got a visitah, Overcash,' the nurse calmly announced in an voice that would not have been out of place in a remedial reading lab. She bidden entrance with an exaggerated sweeping gesture to someone who was apparently standing just out of sight in the hospital corridor. 'On-tray voo, creep. Five minutes, no more.'

The chunky nurse clumped out of the room only to be replaced by an even stranger sight. A tall, gangly youth who couldn't have possibly tipped the scales at an ounce more than 90 pounds grinned in at him. His height was striking — six foot six if an inch, Wadsworth figured. He strode into Wadsworth's room on heron-like legs, covering the distance in a couple of great steps. 'Hoo, hoo, what a sweetie-pie,' the lanky youth opined, thrusting a four-inch thumb in the direction of the corridor. He quickly offered a spindly hand to Wadsworth.

'Mmrprph?' Wadsworth inquired, the oxygen mask muffling his words, his stick-stiff arm going nowhere.

The lanky youth ignored Wadsworth's immobility and instead pumped the prepster's protruding thumb — perhaps the only part of Wadsworth's entire being that was not cut, contused, bandaged or broken. 'Yeah, Swizzle. From 'swizzle stick.' Never really liked it — I ain't that tall, dontcha know — but it kinda stuck.'

Wadsworth eyed the youth as Swizzle turned his attention to the ward. Wadsworth's room was varied, to say the least. To say the most, it was downright bizarre. The medical equipment did not inspire confidence: it had a decidedly secondhand look to it. (Swizzle didn't find the equipment's condition particularly interesting; however, the spinning, hamster-powered treadmill wired to Wadsworth ECG *did* earn a second take.) The bathroom door sported a yellowed 'OUT OF ORDER' sign. A section of transmission linkage drained in a nearby sink. On a small bedside table, a vase of weedy-looking plants drooped.

Swizzle seemed fascinated by everything, examining each item of interest in turn — even the elaborate stinkweed arrangement that had been sent to Wadsworth by some anonymous non-friend. Wadsworth quickly noticed that the lanky youth's attire was as outrageous as its owner. A full ninety percent of his frame was draped with an oversized, faded sweatshirt that hung loosely about his ankles. His feet were shod with two dissimilar shoes, one a Nike track-style, the other a two-tone formal. In between, frayed, paint-flecked Levi's peeped out from under the sweatshirt.

'Nice digs,' Swizzle observed. He settled into a rusty metal folding chair and faced Wadsworth. 'Smoke?' he offered, producing both cigarette and lighter in a single gesture.

'Mrprph! Mrprph!' Wadsworth bubbled, wishing that he could point to the 'DANGER — NO SMOKING, OXYGEN IN USE!' sign which hung on the wall over his bed. Swizzle looked puzzled for a moment then broke into a large grin. 'Oh, a menthol man, huh? No problem. Got one right here.'

Swizzle probed a rear pocket, quickly locating the object of his search. 'Here, Bud.' He lifted the flap to the oxygen tent and poked the cigarette under Wadsworth's mask and into his mouth-slit.

'Mrprph! Mrprph! Mrpr—!' fizzed Wadsworth as the cigarette plugged his protests.

Swizzle applied a thumb to the wheel of a cherry-red Bic lighter. *Click. Click. Click.* Wadsworth's eyes enlarged to the size of silver dollars when a few sparks leaped from the flint, but the lighter did not ignite. *Click. Click.* 'Drat!' Swizzle finally exclaimed, tossing the lighter into a nearby wastebasket. 'And brand new, too. But not to worry, ol' Swizzle comes fully equipped at all times and for every occasion!' He fished into his Levi's and located a book of stick matches. 'Here we go,' he said, tearing a match from the pack and applying it to the striker.

Panicking, Wadsworth inhaled — hard. The cigarette made an odd *shurlooping* sound as it disappeared into his mouth-slit and down his windpipe, eventually coming to rest in his left lung.

Swizzle stared at Wadsworth incredulously for a moment and then shook his own head in self-correction. 'Of course, how silly of me,' Swizzle chuckled as the authoritative red lettering of the 'NO SMOKING!' sign caught his eye. 'Pure oxygen and fire don't mix none too good, huh?' The match joined the lighter in the wastebasket. 'Well, we'll fix that little problem. Locating a quietly hissing valve labeled 'OXYGEN' that was adjacent to Wadsworth's bed, Swizzle racked it counterclockwise and returned to the conversation. 'Anyway, let's forget the cigs and get down to snuff. I'm rush chairman for the greatest fraternity on the entire East Coast, Delta Skelter Omega, out at Acme College.' Swizzle paused to flick away a bit of egg that had slid off the oxygen tent and onto his leg. 'We've done some checking on you, Overcash, and we think you might be the kinda material that DSO needs, dontcha know.' He eyed the prone prepster intently, awaiting a response.

'Mph?' Darn oxygen mask.

'Yes, m'boy... you!' Swizzle's voice rose as though he were about commence a speech that would do F. Lee Bailey proud. 'We know about you, Overcash. You flubbed at Cape Cod U., but there are those here who admire your efforts in the face of, shall we say, a most unpleasant task... a task that has reduced lesser men to so much chocolate pudding — including some of our current members.'

Swizzle leaped from the chair and began to hop about the room. The emotional flames were being quickly fanned now — Wadsworth was burning with the knowledge that others in this distant fraternity had somehow heard of him and sympathized with his recent ordeal. Swizzle was heating up, too, but more with the appreciation of his own oratory than the meaning of his words. 'There's a place for you here — with us,' he summarized, retrieving some of his former composure. He settled back into the chair. 'Interested?'

Literally the answer to my prayers, Wadsworth thought. He would inspect this fraternity, this Acme college, and, if it met with his approval, shake off the past and return to university life as a respected fraternity man. Wadsworth tried to nod but found that his full body cast would not permit the luxury of movement. 'Mmrprph,' he finally gurgled, tasting tobacco and hoping that his eyes would convey his true feelings.

They did. Swizzle's face lit up like a Christmas tree. 'Fan-ultra-tastic! You're gonna like it here at Acme.' Swizzle again bounded from the bedside chair, unaware that his knee had brushed the oxygen flow valve, closing it completely. 'I'll be back to get ya, Overcash. After the cast comes off, natch!'

Swizzle thumped Wadsworth's cast-covered head with an index

finger in a playful parting gesture that, at least to Wadsworth, perfectly replicated the sound of a baseball bat slamming against a garbage can. The discomfort made Wadsworth involuntarily gasp.

There was, however, no air to gasp.

With a curt 'Ta, ta!' Swizzle's lanky form covered the distance twist bed and doorway in an instant and vanished into the corridor, completely oblivious to Wadsworth, whose oxygen-light face was now powder blue.

No sooner had Swizzle departed, the chunky nurse returned spewing venom. 'Creep — he wuz here for SIX minutes! If I woodnah got held up in maternity, I'dah ejected his butt personally!' She examined Wadsworth, whose eyes were now protruding through the cast openings as though they were on stalks.

'Mmmmmrprph!' said oxygen-starved Wadsworth.

'Hungry already, eh jerko?' she cooed mockingly, enjoying his torment. 'I warned you to eat your breakfast!' She collected his fallen breakfast tray and headed towards the door, a little soupy trail of grease mapping her steps. Next to the ECG monitor, the hamster furiously worked its treadmill. 'Well, yool hafta wait till suppah now!'

'MMMMMMRPRPH!!!' exclaimed Wadsworth, as he twisted and thrashed the only part of his body that would twist or thrash — his thumb.

It didn't take an M.D. to explain to Wadsworth that the sharp crack he heard next was that of his thumb dislocating.

CHAPTER TWO — INITIATION

Even now, it was difficult for Wadsworth Overcash to believe. Only a week before, he had been extracted from his cocoon-like body cast, presented with a bill of astronomical proportions ('No, Mr. Overcash, that is not our phone number at the bottom of your statement — that's the amount you owe!') and released from Hans Jopkins. The feeling of freedom filled him with an intense, boundless exhilaration. It was almost like being reborn!

On that happy Saturday, Swizzle had been waiting for him at the hospital entrance. Faster than you can say 'Yale is swell,' Wadsworth was rushed to Acme college and introduced to his new living quarters — a cheerless, cramped dormitory on the south end of the campus. By nightfall, IT began.

The 'IT,' of course, was Heck Week.

Heck Week — that warm, friendly period when fraternity brothers

get to know the new pledges intimately through a series of grueling hazing routines — was, without a doubt, the bane of all young men aspiring to the good fraternal life. Over the course of the next six days, Wadsworth was subjected to nearly every mental and physical harassment possible, including being hoisted up the campus flagpole and left overnight. But true to his breeding, he took everything that his soon-to-be fraternity brothers could toss his way and had bounced back shining.

Finally, IT was over. Saturday night was here, the night of his initiation into Delta Skelter Omega. So great was Wadsworth's excitement that he giggled nervously while Swizzle and three DSO brothers bagged him like last week's leftovers and stuffed him into the too-small trunk of Swizzle's '63 Nova for the trip to the site of the initiation. 'Almost time, kid, dontcha know,' Swizzle announced as he thumped Wadsworth's head through the bag with an index finger and slammed the trunk lid shut. With a wheeze, the Nova groaned down the driveway and off into the night.

Wadsworth was now in transit to lord-knows-where for the ritual initiation, his burlap-covered nose grinding against an oily, two-ply radial. But, there was some comfort to be derived from the knowledge that within mere hours — maybe less — the initiation would be over and Wadsworth Overcash would be a full-fledged DSO. The excitement was almost more than he could bear. Wait'll Mummy and Daddy find out! Maybe then they would forgive him for his embarrassing showing on the Nasty Nine.

For the first time, his thoughts turned to the nature of the initiation itself. What would it be like? Being a secret initiation, no one who had been through it was talking. Still, he wasn't too worried. A DSO brother had confided that the rough stuff was already over. The actual initiation was a very heady affair, and laden with much pomp and ceremony. Relax and enjoy the ride, he told himself, as he and the oily radial bounced about in rhythm to a string of potholes Swizzle's Nova was passing over.

Shortly, the car chugged to a stop. Wadsworth heard the trunk lid open and felt strong hands hoist him out of the trunk and into the cool night air. Heels clocked against concrete, doors opened and closed. A faint smell of chemicals and the distant echoes of the groups' movements gave Wadsworth the subtle sensation of passing deep into a large building of some sort.

After being carried for a considerable time, he was unceremoniously deposited onto a rather hard floor. The clocking heels and sounds of motion faded into the distance. A door crashed shut with a finality that told Wadsworth he was quite alone.

For several minutes, Wadsworth sat quietly in the darkness, unsure what to do next. He was beginning to perspire now, and a general feeling

of uneasiness was rapidly replacing his former feelings of anticipation. Just as he fidgeted to claw at an itch on his back, a metallic voice crackled to life through what must have been at least twenty oversized speakers.

'You may leave the bag now, Mr. Overcash.' The voice was raspy, emotionless. Wadsworth didn't know to whom it belonged but it most definitely was not Swizzle's. All the same, he groped for and found an opening in the bag. With a grunt he pulled the bag from around him, and quickly wished that he hadn't.

Wadsworth could see now that he had been placed in a vast, enclosed area, apparently a deserted warehouse. Several key lights were suspended dozens of feet above, spotlighting him in a small pool of light in a sea of inky blackness. He started to speak, but the metallic voice quickly cut him off. 'Should old acquaintance be forgot, Lacoste-spawn?' it taunted. 'Incidentally, welcome to yer demise!'

Despair rushed in upon Wadsworth like a summer monsoon. There was no mistaking that voice now. But not here, not in Vermont . . . how could it be? Almost in answer to his unvoiced question, a large panel directly in front of Wadsworth began to part, slowly exposing a lighted booth. Silhouetted against a sophisticated array of flashing panels was a hulking shape that could belong to no other . . . the Groundskeeper!

'Surprised, eh?' the man mountain boomed into a hanging microphone. 'Don't be. We've been keeping an eye on ya since ya left our . . .' — he paused to select an appropriate word — ' . . . ah, care.' Wadsworth was positively livid with fear. He tried to stand, but the rubbery things that used to be his legs would not hear of it.

The Groundskeeper continued. 'I'm gonna keep this short an' tasty, Overcash. Yer unknowin' frat buddies have been the first to test my latest and greatest creation — the Supermaze.' He paused to check a small monitor. 'Har! Yer last pal just bit the big one. It's yer turn now — three mazes, no waitin'! An' don't even think of bein' a hero . . . my control is complete.' The Groundskeeper searched for a button and stabbed it with a sausage-like finger. Circuits snapped and crackled. Instantly, Wadsworth was jolted to a standing position. The Groundskeeper then grabbed a strange handle-like device that protruded from a control panel and shoved it forward. It looked suspiciously like a joystick.

In direct response to the Groundskeeper's action, the terrified prepster lurched forward, his legs answering to a will other than Wadsworth's. 'D'ya like my toy, Preppie?' the Groundskeeper questioned, seething. 'It's the latest thing from 'Felons R Us!'' Horrified, Wadsworth realized that the Groundskeeper had somehow taken control of his reflexes. It was now time to start worrying.

Peals of hideous laughter reverberated throughout the building. The voice spoke again. 'Do ya like to paint, Preppie?'

'Mmrrph,' was the only response Wadsworth could muster.

'Excellent, excellent!' replied the amplified voice of the Groundskeeper. 'We're confident of yer abilities.' The Groundskeeper shoved the joystickish device to the 3 o'clock position with his right hand and poked a blinking button with his left. In response, Wadsworth felt himself yanked to the right and directed from the pool of light into the darkness. Above, a small spotlight flared to life, illuminating a rather secure-looking metal door that was beginning to rise directly before him. Just as Wadsworth thought he would pass through, he was jerked to an abrupt stop. To his right, several open buckets of paint and a paint roller rested on a small pedestal. Helplessly, he watched his hands scoop up a bucket labeled 'MADRAS PINK' and a paint-spattered roller. *Is this what they meant by losing control?* Wadsworth wondered. What could be worse?

Then, he heard the sounds. Wet, squishy noises of something slimy and amphibious, mindlessly flopping about around the corner, just out of sight. And that wasn't the bad part — it sounded like there was more than one of whatever was making those unsettling sounds. Somewhere behind him, the filtered laughter began anew.

'Paint, Wadsworth Overcash,' the Groundskeeper chortled, leaning into the joystick with all 500 pounds of his bulk. 'Paint for yer very life!' With an involuntary lurch, Wadsworth was thrown through the open doorway. The door fell shut behind him with sickening finality. Immediately, the wet, squishy noises stopped.

But only for a moment.

PREPPIE! II by Russ Wetmore

For Star Systems Software, Inc.

**SAVAGE RETURN: A Chronicle of the
Continuing Saga of Wadsworth Overcash**

*Story and User's Manual by
Mark S. Murley*

If you thought PREPPIE!'s Nasty Nine was weird, wait'll you see the fiendish mazes the malicious Groundskeeper's whipped up for PREPPIE! II! Your favorite prepster, Wadsworth Overcash, is up to his aspirations in trouble again, and he's depending upon YOU to get him out of his latest jam.

Wadsworth would appreciate your taking a few moments to glance through this manual before beginning play. He'll be glad you did!

OBJECT OF THE GAME

The object of PREPPIE! II is to successfully 'paint' the floors of three separate mazes while avoiding contact with any of the maze dangers. (Contact with any of the maze dangers will send poor Wadsworth to Preppie Heaven, so watch out!) Two of the mazes contain the Groundskeeper's deadly pets — huge, radioactive frogs. The third maze features speeding golf carts and lawn mowers. Once all three mazes have been completely painted, you will advance to the next skill level where the action accelerates.

PLAYING PREPPIE! II

As in PREPPIE! Wadsworth is controlled with your joystick. As he paints his way through a maze, the floor will change color.

Several options are available during play for escaping the various maze dangers. These include (1) using a Revolving Door to escape to another part of a maze; and (2) using the Cloak Effect to 'phase' out and through danger.

Also, at any time during play, Wadsworth can exit a maze and cross over into either of the other uncompleted mazes. However, all three mazes must be completely painted before advancing to the next skill level.

GAME LAYOUT

Each of the three mazes in PREPPIE! II is unique. Let's take a look.

MAZE #1 — The beginning maze is a straightforward collection of twists and turns. Maneuvering through the maze is not difficult in itself; however, avoiding the deadly radioactive frogs can be quite trying at times! The frogs are intelligent, so be careful — they will home in on Wadsworth. When the game begins, Wadsworth will appear in the center of the first maze. He can enter Maze #2 at the bottom of the Maze #1 screen.

MAZE #2 — The second maze features a few familiar sights from PREPPIE!, specifically the golf carts and lawn mowers. This time, these deadly vehicles will be operating at a variety of speeds and may approach from either screen left or right. Enter Maze #3 at the bottom of the Maze #2 screen.

MAZE #3 — Similar to Maze #1, this maze also features the radioactive frogs along with an even more difficult maze layout.

GAME ELEMENTS

SCORE — Points are earned as you help Wadsworth paint his way through each maze. Points are awarded in the following fashion: 10 POINTS X LEVEL NUMBER FOR EACH PAINTED SQUARE. (A painted square is one increment of motion by Wadsworth as he moves through the maze — you'll hear a Ding! each time he paints a square.) Bonus points are earned upon the completion of a skill level. (See BONUS POINTS below.)

REVOLVING DOORS — Located in Mazes #1 and #3 only, the Revolving Doors can be used by Wadsworth for a quick exit into another part of the maze. A frog cannot chase Wadsworth through a revolving door unless the frog is already at least halfway through. There are two revolving doors per maze.

CLOAK EFFECT — If things get a little hectic during play, you might consider using the Cloak Effect. This process will render Wadsworth invisible for a brief period of time. While this effect is engaged Wadsworth can still carry on his painting chores, but without interference from hostile forces like the frogs and golf carts.

The Cloak Effect can be engaged at any time during the game by pressing the red trigger button on your joystick. The supply of this effect is limited, so keep an eye on the Cloak meter which is the horizontal bar located at the bottom of your screen. This bar represents the amount of invisible 'cloaking' time remaining during a playing level. A 'cloaked' Wadsworth can pass through a revolving door without the door actually revolving.

PREPPIES — A bonus 'Wadsworth' is awarded when 8,000 points is passed. The number of remaining Preppies is displayed in the upper right portion of the screen. Each game begins with three Preppies.

SKILL LEVELS — There are a five separate skill levels featured in PREPPIE! II. Each level will increase in difficulty, with Level 5 being the hardest to complete. A new skill level begins once you have helped Wadsworth paint all three mazes. The current level number (1-5) can be found in the upper right portion of your screen.

Wadsworth will stylishly decorate each new level with a different color. Here's what you'll see:

LEVEL	COLOR
1	Madras Pink
2	Powder Blue
3	Lavender
4	Peach
5	Chartreuse

BONUS POINTS — After all 3 mazes have been completely painted, you will receive bonus points in the following fashion: 50 POINTS X LEVEL NUMBER X INCREMENTS OF CLOAK METER REMAINING. Additionally, a special cartoon 'intermission' will appear before the next level begins!

BEGINNING THE GAME

Once PREPPIE! II has loaded (see Tape and Disk Loading Instructions at the end of this section), you can choose between several options, including the number of joysticks, the number of players and the skill level at which you wish to begin play. Press the appropriate key on the right side of your ATARI console.

OPTION - ONE OR TWO STICKS — Press **OPTION** to toggle between one or two joysticks (two-player game only).

SELECT - ONE OR TWO PLAYERS — Press **SELECT** until the correct number of players appears on your screen.

START/SKILL LEVEL SELECT — If you wish to begin play at a level other than Level 1, press **2**, **3**, or **4**, and then press **START**. To begin play at Level 1, press **START**. A word to the overly ambitious: Level 5 can only be reached by completing Level 4.

HIGH SCORE — The current high score is displayed on the title screen and at the top of the playing screen during the game. The current player's score is located in the upper left-hand corner of the screen. Disk users may save their high score to disk by pressing **CTRL** and **S** simultaneously when the game has ended and the title screen is displayed. PLEASE NOTE: Tape user's will lose their score once the system is turned off.

SOUND — Yep, PREPPIE! II features a variety of sounds plus a toe-tapping musical score. Simply adjust the volume on your TV set or monitor to suit. If you wish to cancel the musical portion of the sound, press **SHIFT** **CTRL M** at the same time. To restore the music, press the same keys again.

SPECIAL KEYS

Here's a listing of the special keys you will find helpful in playing PREPPIE! II.

SPACE BAR

PAUSE GAME

ANY CONSOLE KEY

GAME ABORT

SHIFT CTRL M

MUSIC OFF/ON

(Press simultaneously)

CTRL S

SAVE SCORE TO DISK

(Press simultaneously)

SOME PLAYING TIPS

- Use your Cloak Effect sparingly!
- If things get too hectic in one maze, move to another and return later.
- In Maze #2, wait for a slow-moving object and paint towards the opposite edge.
- Stay as close as possible to a door when you are in an empty 'lane' and don't know which direction an object is coming from.

HERE'S HOW TO LOAD PREPPIE! II

ATARI™ 400/800 TAPE LOADING INSTRUCTIONS

- 1) Your ATARI must have at least 16K of memory.
- 2) Remove all cartridges from your ATARI, including BASIC, Star Raiders, etc.
- 3) Turn off ALL peripherals. This includes printers, disk drives (if applicable), and expansion interfaces. Only leave on:
 - (a) Your TV set or monitor and
 - (b) Your ATARI cassette player
- 4) Insert your copy of PREPPIE! II into the ATARI cassette player. Rewind the tape if necessary.
- 5) While holding down **START** on your ATARI, turn the computer on. You should see a clear video display and hear a single tone.
- 6) Press PLAY on the ATARI cassette player and immediately press **RETURN** on your ATARI computer. The tape will load and the game will begin in 5 to 10 minutes.

HAVING PROBLEMS LOADING PREPPIE! II? HERE'S HELP

If PREPPIE! II didn't load, don't despair — try the following hints: (1) Clean the head of your ATARI cassette player with a cotton swab and a little standard rubbing alcohol; this will remove any debris that might be interfering with the load. (2) Repeat the procedure from Step #4 above using the other side of the tape.

ATARI™ DISK LOADING INSTRUCTIONS

WARNING! Do not place a write-protect tab on your PREPPIE! II disk or attempt to place a DOS onto this disk.

- 1) Remove all cartridges from your ATARI, including BASIC.
- 2) Turn on your ATARI disk drive.
- 3) When the red 'busy' light is off, place your PREPPIE! II disk into the drive. Turn on your computer.

4) The screen will display the following while PREPP! II loads:
LOADING PREPP! II. The game will begin in a few moments.

WARNING! This is a copy-protected disk. Any attempt to copy this disk may damage it!.

Scott Adams, Inc. reserves the right to make changes or improvements in this product without notice.

PREPP! II was written using the following development products:

THE NEXT STEP — Sierra On-Line Systems ATARI MACRO ASSEMBLER — Atari, Inc. ATARI ASSEMBLER EDITOR — Atari, Inc. ATARI PROGRAM TEXT EDITOR — Atari, Inc. DISKEY — Adventure International AIDE — Roklan ANIMATE — Educational Software BUG-65 — OSS MICROPAINTER — DataSoft, Inc. APPLE GRAPHICS TABLET SYSTEM — Apple, Inc. ADV. ANIMATION & GRAPHICS I — Educational Software
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by **RUSS WETMORE**

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